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NEWSPAPER CHAFF.

"This world—then the next one!"

A text that's rather rough.
But, come to think about it,
Ain't this world hot enough?

—E. L. S., in Atlanta Constitution.

The other day a young man gave a reason for not dancing, the spirit of which might be made to apply to a good many failures in life.

"I should like to dance," he said, "and I should dance, only the music puts me out and the girls get in my way."—The London Tatler.

"Ruth," said the mother to the little miss who was entertaining a couple of small playmates, "why don't you play something instead of sitting still and looking miserable?"

"Why, we are playing, mamma," replied Ruth. "We're playing we are grown-up women making a call."—Chicago Daily News.

The professor had claimed that the world in general still looks on science in a slighting way, and that reminded me of his companions of a story of a Western trapper.

The trapper, noticing a place where roots had been dug up, examined the spot carefully. Then, as he rose and brushed the earth from his knees, he with calm conviction:

"This was done either by a wild hog or a botanist."—The Washington Star.

A number of small North Side girls had opened a lemonade stand at the edge of the curb. The drink was in a large glass pitcher with sliced lemons floating appetizingly at the top. One small girl, with a red crayon, had lettered the word "artificial" and leaned it against the pitcher.

"What's that for?" inquired a passerby.

"Pure food law," said the girls in chorus.

"But why should you label it? Are not the water, the lemons, and the sugar pure?"

"Yes."
"Well, what's artificial about it?"
"The tea."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Edwin Markham was one of the guests of honor at a reception given by a wealthy New York woman whose admiration for the artist and literate people is far greater than her intimate acquaintance with their books and pictures. During a conversation she said:

"My dear Mr. Markham, I've wanted for years to meet you and tell you how I just love that adorable picture of yours—the one with the man having you know—and he taking off his hat I suppose it's his wife—bowing cap—and that poor wife of his—at her head, and they both look so tired, poor things. I have a copy of it in my own den, and the children have another in their playroom and it's—simply exquisite."

"The Anarchist, I presume you mean?" replied the poet gravely.

"Yes," cheerfully, "but we always call it 'The Hot Man'."

"I am glad you like it, madam," said Mr. Markham, and he took an early opportunity of escaping from his sincere but mistaken admirer—Success.

He said: "I'm the meanest man in the world, I know I am. I went home the other evening and I was feeling pretty good, you know. My wife didn't say a word but at 2:41 a. m. I woke up and observed a ghostly figure going through my clothes. I snored gently. In a minute or two the figure drew something from my vest pocket, looked at it in the faint moon-

ENTERING THE UNION

INTEREST ATTACHES TO DATA OF NEW STATE'S STATUS.

MUST BE REPRESENTATION

Does State Existence Date From Time The Constitution is Ratified by the People or From the Date the President so Proclaims It?

Guthrie, Okla., Sept. 2.—Determining when begins the sovereignty of a State being admitted to the Union is much like trying to draw the distinguishing line between two sessions of congress when one dies and another begins as the result of a legal requirement. It would seem proper from wording of the Oklahoma enabling act, that the new State would be a full fledged member of the Union only when the President's proclamation is passed, which, under terms of the act, may not be prolonged longer than twenty days from the receipt of the vote, etc., at the executive office. There is an opinion, however, that the State's existence dates from the time its Constitution is ratified by the people. The Constitution prescribes that the terms of offices filled by election at the time the Constitution is adopted begin the day the State is so proclaimed by the President. It is contended, nevertheless, that Oklahoma will have no entity in the Federal Union until Congress receives its Senators and Representatives, and grants them seats.

While in no way probable should congress fail by reason of a constitutional objection to grant recognition to the new Senators and Representatives after the President had issued his proclamation, it is freely admitted determining how long Ann had been on earth would be an easy task compared with establishing the new State's legal status.

Exponents of Constitutional theories and writers of constitutional history explain that without representation in Congress statehood is a misnomer. Such a condition, however, has never come to pass, and the infrequent instances where Congress has refused seats to Representatives and Senators are usually based on the illegal action of the so-called State to begin with. If not that then because the new commonwealth unexpectedly encounters the executive veto. Such was the case of both Colorado and Nebraska when President Johnson refused to sign the first bills admitting those States. New Mexico made an attempt to break into the Federal Union, but was refused on the ground of not being ready.

Sequoyah, the traditional name applied to Indian Territory, was similarly treated, because, "its people had no other warrant for acting than a treaty agreement made a century ago." An additional reason was its unreadiness.

When a State applies for admission it has been the rule to do so through the executive office. If the power to admit lies with the executive officer he may or may not, comparing with his public proclamation, accept the credentials of Senators and Representatives, but in any event, following the precedent notified congress by message. If power is not lodged with the President by the enabling act, the credentials, together with a copy of the new State's organic law, are transmitted to Congress for acceptance or rejection. Where a State asks admission without any prior authority from Congress, the latter has always been the procedure.

Since 1860 twelve new States have been received into the Union, and in seven of these the President has been arbiter. Abraham Lincoln brought in Nevada and West Virginia. In the Nevada proclamation he announced that the Constitution was Republican in form, which is, perhaps, the first case of record where the executive was clothed with such determining power. For West Virginia, where there had been no enabling act, he merely published that the State had complied with the provisions about the boundaries imposed by Congress, saying nothing about the Constitution it had adopted.

President Grant, in proclaiming Colorado a state in 1876 had nothing to say about the organic law other than it had been accepted by the people of the State, although wording of the enabling act was construed as recommending him so the judge.

In the case of North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana and Washington, brought in under the "omnibus bill," President Harrison accepted full authority under the terms of the act to

determine the State's credibility by the character of their fundamental laws. The same was true with President Cleveland in Utah's case.

The President's proclamation appears to have been necessary in the admission of Nebraska in 1867 for the reason the bill admitting the State was passed over his veto. However, he assumed no judicial or legislative responsibility in this matter, neither was there any conferred.

Wyoming and Idaho, admitted in 1890, were received by congressional acts. The President had nothing to do with determining what kind of a Constitution the States adopted.

TO GET RID OF THE MARSHALS.

Territory Will Vote Statehood—Too Reckless With Their Guns.

Muskogee, I. T., Sept. 2.—In the approaching election for the acceptance of the proposed constitution and statehood, deputy marshals in Indian Territory are an important element. Under the federal regime for the past fifteen years the deputy marshal has been the law of the land. He has ruled with his sixshooter. To escape this rule the residents of those sections which have most heavily felt the hand of the law will vote and work for everything that will bring relief from the six shooter rule.

The recent killing of Sylvester Morris, an aged and respectable citizen of Tulsa, by Deputy Marshal Wilson emphasizes the already acute situation. Morris was shot down by the deputy who mistook him for some one else. The fact that Wilson is a deputy marshal will render him immune from punishment. He made a mistake. It cost a human life. But he was an officer of the law. His six shooter was too handy. Just as six shooters have always been too handy. In the past fifteen years, many lives have been sacrificed for just this reason, and the result is a sullen resentment against the federal regime as represented by the deputy marshal.

There are about 100 deputy marshals in Indian Territory. They ride over every part of it. They use their own judgment as to the enforcement of the law. The result is they make many mistakes—grievous ones such as the Tulsa incident. Of course the deputy at Tulsa thought he was shooting at a bootlegger when he killed Morris. But if he had been shooting at a bootlegger instead of an innocent passerby, killing was not necessary. At Muskogee a few days ago officers fired a dozen shots upon the crowded streets because a man charged with a minor offense made a break for liberty.

There is another side, of course, to deputy marshal accepts with his commission a risk that no life insurance will take. He carries his life in his hand from that moment and he knows it. For that reason his sixshooter is always ready. He is ready to shoot first. He is instructed to take no chances. He has been the greatest factor in upholding such law as there is in this country, and he deserves credit. But in so doing there have been too many instances similar to that at Tulsa, and innumerable ones of aggravated but less serious results, that it has created a general determination to be free from such possibilities.

St. Philips Church.

Services every Sunday 9:45 a. m., 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.

Holy Communion first Sunday at 11 a. m., second, third and fourth Sundays 7 a. m.

Lecture for confirmation class every Wednesday 8 p. m.

Litany every Friday 5 p. m.

Choir rehearsal every Friday at 8 p. m.

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Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup is sold under a positive guarantee to cure constipation, sick headache, stomach trouble, or any form of indigestion. If it fails, the manufacturers refund your money. What more can any one do. Hoffman Drug Co., City Drug Store.

The trouble is that most of us can't keep our secret superiority secret.

How can it be "good" evidence when it hangs a man?

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Mr. S. S. Bell, of Riverwood, Va., says:—I was troubled with sour stomach for twenty years. Kodol cured me and we are now using it in our family.

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Relieves only. Relieves indigestion, sour stomach, headache, gas, etc.

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LITERARY FORGERIES.

The Way That Sir Walter Scott Was Basely Deceived.

CUNNINGHAM'S PROUD BOAST

This Scotchman Claimed He Could Fool a Congress of Antiquarians With His Own Writings and Ballads. Other Famous Forgers.

"I could cheat a whole general assembly of antiquarians with my original manner of writing and forging ballads." The man who made this proud boast, Allan Cunningham, was a youthful stonemason of Scotland, earning 18 shillings a week. That he was no idle braggart is evident, says the London Tit-Bits, from the fact that in his twenty-fifth year he perpetrated one of the greatest literary frauds of the nineteenth century.

Cunningham in spite of his humble role in life could write poetry the beauty and pathos of which would bring tears to the eyes of the reader. Apparently, however, he possessed a desire—characteristic of many rogues of literary genius—to make experts look foolish, and when a Mr. Cromek, who in 1866 was traveling in Scotland with a view to making a collection of genuine Scottish songs, asked Cunningham to assist him the stonemason conceived the idea of writing ballads and passing them off on Cromek as old Scottish productions.

These were included in a volume, and, although most of the critics detected the fraud and it was established beyond doubt that Cunningham wrote the ballads himself, they acquired an immediate reputation, and the gossamer of the writer led people to overlook the deception.

Nor was Cunningham the only forger of Scottish ballads. Robert Surtees, the celebrated antiquary and historian, for some curious reason not only palmed off on Sir Walter Scott as antique three ballads purely of his own composition, but actually suffered them to occupy a place in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," with a fictitious account of their origin, and left the novelist deceived to the end of his days.

Mention of the deception of Sir Walter Scott reminds one that the famous novelist was the victim on several occasions of literary forgers who used his name to boom their own work. George W. Haering, who under the pseudonym of Willibald Alexis came to be one of Germany's first novelists of the early part of the nineteenth century, published his first book, "Walldorfer," and announced it as a free translation into German of a novel boldly ascribed to Sir Walter Scott. He afterward endeavored to excuse himself on the ground that people had been stupid enough not to see in "Walldorfer" a satirical attack on the craze then prevalent for Scott's works.

In France several mimic attempts on Scott have been made, notably "Allan Cameron" (1832) and "Alyne Verd" (1842), which were both published in Paris as being Scott's, and "La Pythie des Highlands," introduced to the world as the work of the famous novelist in 1844 by Charles J. David, son of the famous French painter.

But perhaps the most interesting of all the attempts to trade on Scott's name was that connected with the name of E. de Saint Maurice Cabany, architect general of the Society of Architects of France, who in 1855 startled the literary world with a newly discovered novel by Scott, entitled "Moreau, a Tale of the 1210."

In J. A. Farmer's book, entitled "Literary Forgeries," it is explained how, on account of inaccuracies in dates and the description of places, this novel could not have been written by Scott, but the authorship remains a mystery.

The prince of literary forgers, as regards quantity, also hails from France. This was Vrain-Denis Lucas, the son of a peasant, who after providing certain classes of people with more or less spurious pedigrees perpetrated one of the most colossal literary frauds of the nineteenth century by successfully palming off 27,320 forged letters of ancient and eminent men to M. Chasles, a man of worldwide reputation as a geometer and astronomer, who paid Lucas nearly 60,000 for the collection.

Lucas' false letters included some from the apostles, from Plato, Pliny, Lazarus and Mary Magdalene. And yet M. Chasles did not consider it extraordinary that these worthless wrote on paper and in the French language! Ultimately his eyes were opened, and Lucas was arrested and sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

The well known story of "Psalmanazar," the famous Pormosian, shows how easily the public can be imposed upon in regard to literature. This remarkable individual made his appearance in London early in the eighteenth century, claimed to be a native of Pormosia and wrote in Latin his very singular "Description of Pormosia." The book, which was a pure concoction, did not deceive anybody, but for many years its author "remained an object of faith and charity to a considerable section of his adopted countrymen." He repented, however, of his fraud, and his life ended with the esteem of many, while Dr. Johnson spoke of him as "the best man he ever knew." But this Psalmanazar really was remains to this day a literary secret.

Even more audacious perhaps was the attempt of an Irish clergyman named Eccles, a resident of Bath, who toward the end of the eighteenth century claimed to have written "A Man of Feeling," a work by Henry Mackenzie, often included in the popular reprints of today.

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Furniture, Carpets, Linoleum and Oil Cloth
and will exchange same for any kind of old goods or sell
ON EASY INSTALLMENT PAYMENTS
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TOBACCO ON THE FIELD OF MARS

"The Soldier's Kit Complete Without It," was Lawton's Maxim—What Zigler Said to Tommy Atkins

Tobacco is as necessary to war as powder and shot. At least it has been necessary to American and English soldiery ever since the use of the wheel became general. General Lawton, who died gloriously at the head of his men in the far away Philippines, used to have three rules in regard to the care of his soldiers: "First," he said, "A soldier must have food; second, he must have clothes; and third, he must have his proper ration of tobacco if he is to be a first class fighting man."

This last maxim of the great Lawton points out the important part tobacco has played in war as well as in peace. The World's Work not very long ago took up the subject in an article entitled "Bull Durham in War and Peace." The article in part is as follows:

"Cupling caused many a pipe to puff in approval when he made Zigler say in 'The Captive,' to the recruited English soldier, who offered him some smoking tobacco: 'I thank you, but I don't use any tobacco; I'd be likely to carry... Bull Durham!—Bull Durham! I take it all back, every last word. 'Bull Durham'—ere! If you ever strike Akron, Ohio, when this fool war's over, remember you've Lawton G. Zigler in your vest pocket—including the city of Akron.' And Zigler smoked in peace while he told his graphic story of war."

"Down on the South African veldt, as in all other parts of the world during the past generation, the smoke of Bull Durham has been precious to the sight and smell and to the rest of the five senses, to all men who find solace in my Lady Nicotine. Very likely young Zigler's father was a soldier in an Ohio regiment of Sherman's army, and the old man's fondness for the package with the Bull was inherited. For down in Carolina they tell you to this day that the fame of the tobacco was borne north and south, to every part of America, by the soldiers in Johnston's and Sherman's armies. It was the one thing the men under different flags had in common."

To tell the story of this famous tobacco in war and peace one needs to go to Durham. Here a modern industrial city is found in place of the straggling town of the sixties. Here is the home of Bull Durham, a great brick factory built around a quadrangle after the manner of the colleges at Oxford, where the brand has a wide vogue. To the smoker the whole building seems like a vast floor space would seem like a vast bowl of some Brobdignagian's pipe so fragrant is it of his favorite tobacco. And the other impression that he would have from the moment he entered would be cleanliness and yet more cleanliness. Nowhere is tobacco handled by hand; that is left for the fingers of the smoker himself when he gathers from the pouch just the amount needed for his pipe. But before the tobacco is brought to the factory from long-reaching warehouses nearby, it has been going through a scientific process of curing. To begin with, it is the best grade of leaf from the old and best tobacco of North Carolina and Virginia.

"Every May, tobacco, in drying, goes through a sweat which throws off the rankness which the natural leaf has when picked. In the 'Bull' Durham warehouses the leaf is kept sometimes two, sometimes three years, depending upon the tobacco, in order to get just the right mellowing of age for the better as it grows older. When the curing has brought the leaf to the desired condition, it is brought to the factory. The right trained men who mix the tobacco in the proportions for the 'Bull' Durham blend pick it from various piles of leaf with shining pitchforks, just as farmers would handle hay. They take from one pile and then another, their practiced eyes and hands telling them the exact amounts, and place it on a canvas carrier, which is moving perpetually into what is called the breaker. Here the leaves are broken together into a mixture of pieces four to six inches long. These are borne forward by the carrier, which is like an endless chain, into the drier, where the moisture is removed, thence to the cleaners, where every sort of foreign substance is taken out, leaving only pure tobacco, then to the cutters to be chopped up fine, ready for the great bins, a golden store of 'Bull' Durham."

"Ingenuous packing machines weigh out and fill thousands upon thousands of five cent packages, each containing a full ounce and many good smokes. When the filled package drops from the machine, like a melon, it is caught in a mould that just fits it. Here it is labelled, and it is then ready to go forth bearing the famous Bull, known and honored wherever pipes are smoked."



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Warning Order.

Before R. W. Dick, Mayor of the City of Ardmore, Ind. Ter.
Singer Sewing Machine Co., Plainfield, N. J.
vs. J. C. Majors, Defendant. Warning Order.

The defendant J. C. Majors, is warned to appear in this court within thirty days, and answer the complaint of plaintiff Singer Sewing Machine Co.

This the 22nd day of August, 1907.

R. W. DICK,
Mayor of the City of Ardmore.

First published August 22, 1907.